

truth: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled." Hence they must labor diligently to find out the truth, using every means in their power for that purpose.

No man was ever in greater earnest and more sincere in seeking the truth than was McMaster. Soon he found himself convinced that only the Roman Catholic church is the true church of Christ, and that she alone possessed the power to forgive sins. He one day told Archbishop Corrigan that, even before he submitted to the claims of the church, he went to a priest, demanding the right of making confession and receiving absolution. "But at that time," said he, "I had not as yet received the gift of divine Catholic faith."

"Reason, it is true," says the Roman Catechism, "and the senses are competent to ascertain the existence of the church, that is, of a society of men devoted and consecrated to Jesus Christ; nor does faith seem necessary in order to understand a truth which is acknowledged by Jews and Turks, but it is from the light of faith only, not from the deductions of reason, that the mind can comprehend the mysteries which are contained in the Church of God. As, therefore, this article, as well as the others, is placed above the reach, and defies the strength of the human understanding, most justly do we confess, that human reason cannot arrive at a knowledge of the origin, privileges and dignity of the Church; these we can contemplate only with the eyes of faith."

"An effect," says St. Thomas, "is never greater than its cause, nor any act more efficacious than the active power which produces it, wherefore the enjoyment of eternal beatitude is not within the power of our natural faculties. So, man, left to his own powers, can only produce acts conformable to his nature and existence, such as to acquire art and science, to labor in any employment, and to enjoy private and social happiness, but he can never come to God and possess Him without supernatural assistance. It is useless to adjust the strings of a harp or lyre; they remain silent until they are put in motion by the hand of a musician. A vessel is rigged out with its masts, cables, and sails, and ready for sailing, but wants a fair breeze to launch it into the deep. In like manner, people, to be saved, need the powerful hand of God to direct their course to everlasting happiness, to assist and to enlighten them in their pilgrimage; they need the light of the true faith to believe the Roman

Catholic church and all she teaches in the name and by the power of Jesus Christ. This is a supernatural gift which no one can have of himself; it is the free gift of God: "For by grace you are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, for it is the gift of God." (Eph. ii. 8.)

TO BE CONTINUED.

### TO OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

For the Carmelite Review.

O beautiful flow'ret of Carmel!  
O fruitful and clustering vine!  
O fruit the hearts of its loved children,  
Thy mystical tendrils entwine.

O thou who with golden splendor,  
Dost light up the Heavens above,  
As Virgin, unspotted in fairness,  
And Mother, most tender in love.

How peerless that singular beauty  
Of purity never defiled!  
How and out that love for the children,  
That reigns in thy Heart, Mother mild!

Oh! alied o'er the Carmelites' pathway,  
That heavenly fragrance of thine,  
Refresh them with fruits of thy sweetness,  
Thou beautiful, mystical vine!

May blossoms of starry splendor  
Illumine their onward way;  
May they see thee, O Virgin and Mother  
In the bliss of thy cloudless day.

—ESTER DE MARIE.

DUBLIN, ENGLAND.

### Upon Seeing a Little Girl Making Her First Communion.

For the Carmelite Review.

As fair as the angels, in garments of white,  
A form at the altar rail kneels,  
Aye kneels to her God, and alone to His slight  
The love in her heart she reveals.  
She dreams of the joy her Saviour will bring  
To her soul still un tarnished by sin,  
And fears as she hears the chancel bell ring,  
Her soul is unworthy within.

Oh would that my soul was as pure as thine own,  
Fair handmaid of God—ever fair,  
What years of repentance, my life would atone  
If I could but kneel with you there.  
Yet Hope is the angel who sheds o'er my way  
Reflections of love from His face;  
A promise I make to my Saviour to-day—  
To keep in the pathway of grace.

—STANLY.

ALWAYS act on principle—never on feeling.

LET us always and everywhere cling to our Faith and believe humbly and firmly all that it teaches.